

## Forsaken

### With Blood Comes Cleansing

Nails hammered through His hands and feet, blood spraying from  
His veins and His body's weak.  
Lifted up, a mangled spectacle for all the world to see, beaten  
and ridiculed lying in agony,  
His blood has set us free.  
Each breath is harder than the last. Our sin clinging to His body,  
now it is finished.  
He felt forsaken, He felt all alone.  
The earth begins to shake, graves are opened their bodies are a  
wake.  
Our sin clinging to His body, now it is finished. He felt forsaken,  
He felt all alone